

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

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NEW SERIES—NUMBER 234



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MEN AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Just at an age when a man begins to get himself well in hand, to grow broader in his views, sweeter in his temper, to lose the acidity, the positiveness, the inability of youth to generalize the detailed experience he has gained—to be fit, in a word, to accomplish the work he had planned to do in the world—he begins, if he is a father, to set himself wholly on one side for the sake of the future little men and women about his table. His great picture is never painted, his epic is never written, the best work of which he is capable is never done; he gives himself up to pot-boilers in order to bring up another man, who perhaps may be inferior to himself. This is the work which has been going on since the beginning of the world. We make much of the pelican who robs her breast of a few drops of blood for her young, but the great rule of humanity has been that one generation of middle-aged people sacrificed themselves, their hopes, their work for the world, for their children. The great oak crumbles and dies that the ground may be richer for the sapling. It is a just sequence, but it may be carried too far, and it is carried further in America than in any other country. Fathers and mothers have a right of development which they themselves are bound to respect. A man will be the better able to elevate his children if he stops his daily suicidal grind long enough to consider that he also is a human being, whose character and work in the world will probably be quite as helpful as the boy's for whom he is sacrificing all his time and opportunities. One is sometimes tempted to wonder whether in the lives to come there will not be some place where the ambitions and hopes and thwarted possibilities of the middle-aged may have the chances which here, fitly enough, are reserved for the young.—*New York Tribune*

A farmer, living near Rankin Station on the Kentucky Central, whose wife was suffering intensely from toothache, decided to come to town with her for the purpose of having her teeth extracted. Pretty soon after they had taken their seats on the car the farmer walked into the smoking car telling his wife he would return directly. During the absence of her husband the conductor came leisurely into the car, ticket punch in hand and approaching the lady reached out for her ticket, whereupon the victim of toothache opened her mouth and caught him, saying, "You needn't mind giving me chloroform doctor; just pull them out, I'll try and stand it and when my husband comes back he will settle with you."—[*Paris News*]

WORK AND HUMAN WASTE.

Work means waste, equally to a human body and a locomotive engine. "More work, more waste," is a motto alike true of the mechanic's apparatus and of the mechanic himself. Not an action, we repeat, is performed by us which is not accompanied by an expending of force derived from and accompanied by a proportional waste of substance. The movements of muscles, the beating of the heart, the winking of an eyelid, the thinking a thought, the wear and tear upon the muscles that work and the brain-cells that think. Every action necessitates bodily waste and corresponding physical repair. Waste, however, cannot of necessity be a single and final process in a living body—unless, indeed, we were born with a full complement of matter, and were permitted in the order of nature to live on the principals with which we had been provided, instead of wisely using that principal as a means of gaining a livelihood through the interest it acquired. That we are not so constituted is an evident fact, hence our bodies demand pretty constant repair as a compensation action to that of work, labor and duty. This process of repair consists in the reception of matter from the outer world, in the transformation of this matter into ourselves, and in its utilization in the work and repair of the frame. Such matter we shortly name food, and the processes whereby it is converted into our own bodily substance we term digestion.—*Chambers' Journal*.

"Can nobody," asks the London *Spectator*, "suggest a stiff bit of work for English capitalists to do? They are standing idle in heaps, and they do not like it at all. According to the *Statist*, a sum of money estimated at £200,000,000, or say nearly three years' revenue, is lying waiting for the profitable investment which it is so difficult to find, and, although that figure may be an exaggeration—we see no reason for thinking so—it is certain that the total sum available for new forms of enterprise must be very large."

HARRY JOSEPHUS, who died lately in Boston, was a comical comedian on the stage, but when about to die from a sudden attack of heart disease he tragically cried: "Pray for me. Oh, God, receive my spirit!" Mr. Josephus was a half brother of the Rev. Dr. Lorrimer, of Chicago, and a brother of Fanny Josephus, the famous London actress.

Henry Watterson says the talk about the old ticket is the sheerest nonsense, and he generally knows what he is talking about when Tilden is concerned.

THE LINE-KILN CLUB.

"A little money will buy wood an' taters an' bacon an' shoes an' cloze," said the old man as the meeting opened. "Lots of money will buy silks an' eatins an' jewelry an' white houses. De man wid a little money seems to believe dat de man wid lots of it am takin' all de comfort. I used to hab dat ideah, but Ize got ober it. It am my solum belief dat de man who sots down befo' his own fire, wid his wife on de right and his children on de left, an' de ol' cat an' a pan full o' apples in de middle, am in a position to take just as much comfort as if he lived in a house wid golden stairs. Take de world frow an' you'll fin' dat de humblest homes am de happiest. De man who has steady work, a savin' wife, an' healthy children wouldn't be a bit happier if he was to draw \$50,000 in a lottery. If he don't take comfort it's his own fault. It's her own fault if his wife isn't happy. Sometimes my ole woman gits de blues an' blows aroun' kase she sees odder folks ride out in deir keedidges an' dress up in deir satins, but I build up a good fire, git out de apples, oder, an' pop-corn, draw up de big rockin'-cheer an' she can't stan' it moah dan ten minuts. De blues begin to fly away, and she pats de bald spot on my head and says: 'We has a cabin of our own, plenty to eat, a little money in de bank, an' I s'pect we kin sot down an' take as solid comfort as if you war Giv'ner an' I had ten silk dresses.' He who makes de most of what he's got am fittin' himself to enjoy better. No situation but what could be made worse. Ebery dollar made by honest work ought to bring \$2 wort of solid comfort. Wid dese few remarks, called forth by overhearin' Samuel Shin growlin' aroun' becase he couldn't have mashed taters at evey meal, we will now eradicate de usual order of business."—*Free Press*.

The hour was twilight and as the lustre of the stars grew brighter in the gathering darkness he passed his lips to the forehead of the beautiful woman who stood beside him and said tenderly: "When will you consent to name the day of our union, darling—to let the wings of my imagination rest?" And she answered nestling her cheek against his shoulder: "When you have had your life insured, dearest, and made me a present of the policy."—[*Brooklyn Eagle*].

The Brooklyn bridge has been open to the public for eight months, and estimates of its running expenses and receipts for a year, based upon this experience, are that the expenses will be \$250,000 and the receipts \$521,000 leaving a profit of \$271,000, with which to help pay interest amounting to a million dollars on the bonds issued for its construction.

EDUCATIONAL HUMOR.

Once, a teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word cuticle. "What is that, all over my face and hands?" "Freckles," answered the little cherub.

A small child, being asked by a Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

A MINISTER, in one of his visits, met a boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About 12, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at 1 again."

THREE little boys, on a Sabbath day, were stopped on the street by an elderly gentleman who, perceiving that they had bats and balls with them, asked one of the number this question: "Boy, can you tell me where all naughty boys go to who play ball on Sunday?" "Over back of Johnson's dau," the youngster replied.

"SAM," said a young mother, "do you know what the difference is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body (touching the boy's shoulders and arms), but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, yes, I know," said he, with a flash of intelligence in his eye, "that is my flannel shirt."—*Barnes' Educational Monthly*.

There is a doctor in this town who is too parsimonious to enjoy good health. He eats about one square meal a day, and tries to make himself believe he gets two more, but he don't, for breakfast and supper are merely a sham. Not contented with starving himself and family, he has just hit on a new scheme to starve his own horse and yet make the poor animal think it is his own fault that he don't get fatter.

In the back part of the manger, where the corn is put, he has set a square piece of looking glass, which he keeps highly polished. He puts in about four ears of corn and of course the poor horse sees the reflection and braces himself for a good square meal, fondly imagining that he is getting eight. As he eats the corn off the cob, the fictitious ears also disappear, and eight cobs appear to his astonished eyes. He then wonders how he can have gotten away with eight ears and yet feel no more weight in his stomach. This conundrum, added to the light feed, is wearing the poor animal away so fast that if the doctor don't make a change ere long, he will go around killing his patients on foot.—[*Evansville Argus*].

THE FIGHTING PARSON'S ADVICE.

Of a clergyman in Massachusetts whose pugilistic propensities caused him to be called behind his back "the fighting parson," it is told that one of his parishioners asked him to preach from Matthew v, 29—"Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Certainly he would, the next Sunday. And there was a great crowd to hear how one of his temperaments would treat such a subject. After giving out the text, he said the meaning was very clear and the doctrine very satisfactory. "If a man smite thee on thy right cheek, it may be a mistake; it may have been in sudden passion and repented at once. You should bear it, and turn to him the other cheek in order to learn what the intention is. But if he smite you again, let him have it! for there is no scripture against that."

NEAR Charleston, S. C., twenty miles up the Ashley river, and just in front of Drayton Hall, stands one of the finest trees on the continent of America. It is a live oak, and looks as though it had lived 1,000 years, and was good for 1,000 or 10,000 more. Four feet from the ground this tree girths nineteen feet inches, the spread of its branches being 111 and 122 feet. It is round topped and perfectly symmetrical.

PLANTS, like animals, differ much in their habit, and the different sorts of food on which they subsist. The broad-leaved clovers, turnips and mangels abstract from the air a large portion of their growth, while the narrow-leaved grains and grasses partake more largely of mineral food, which they draw from the soil. This fact will explain the great advantage of rotation of crops.

SAYS *Andrews' American Queen*: "Those who think that, in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. How many ambitious women, in society or out of it, would escape the shafts of ridicule if they had sense enough to understand this."

THE BEST WAY.—The agricultural editor of the *Stanford Journal* says the best way to prevent moles from taking corn after it has been planted is to "kill 'em." This reminds us of similar advice given Ed Chamberlain, the poor fellow who committed suicide in New Orleans last week, several years ago when he was a merchant in Midway. A New York sharper advertised that for fifty cents he would tell any body the best way to catch rats. Ed sent his half dollar and in due time received a slip containing the following: "Catch 'em by the tail."—[*Richmond Herald*].

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W. P. WALTON.

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

AT—

\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to
cancel at any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

SUPERSTITIONS OF TURKISH WOMEN.

The Turkish woman is a fanatical conservative. The world in which she lives is unimproved by the practical facts of the nineteenth century which make life a burden to her husband. No Chinaman was ever more impervious to ideas of improvement. She is thereby intolerant in matters of religious belief. The teachings of the Koran have reached her by word of mouth, and surrounded by a perfect talisman of tradition, and these teachings shape her view of the outside world. In obedience to them, she commonly hides foreigners with passion. As she passes you on the street she will pray with audible fervor that your eyes may become blind, or that God may curse you.

She is superstitious in the extreme. In sickness she will use the saliva of an old woman who has never been divorced, or will inhale the fetid breath of an odoriferous and scanty dervish, in preference to the choicest prescriptions of an educated physician. She is assured that Satan in person tempts Americans to their skill in mechanical arts. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered but of leather which encloses the mystic phrase which is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of all back, and will not celebrate the fortieth day anniversaries of her children, nor even record the date, lest some malicious use it to cast a spell against the child.—H. O. Dwight, in *Harper's Magazine*.

THE TIME HAD COME.

Three or four years ago when there was a grip into the potato market there lived near an iron mine in this State a farmer named Peters. He raised good crops, paid his debts, and was down on rings of all sort. The price of potatoes kept going up and up, and the old farmer grew uneasy. He came into the village every evening to see how the market stood, and although he never said much it was evident that he would burst his hoops pretty soon if things continued on that way. At length the climax came. One evening the old man and his son had a warm corner in a grocery when a citizen entered with a newspaper in his hand and said:

"This New York daily says that the price of potatoes is certain to advance again before the week is out."

"What!" exclaimed Peters, "another advance in 'aters?"

"Yes, the Lord only knows what is to become of the poor if this potato ring isn't burst."

The farmer arose, buttoned his old white overcoat clear to his chin, brought his fist down hard on the cheese-box, and sternly said:

"The time has come! I've stood it—and stood it long as I can, and now I'm going to net! George we'll go home and get ready to throw fifty-six bushels of pebbleblow on the market to-morrow, and bust that wicked ring all to thunder!"—*Wall Street News*.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"The baby has got a new tooth, but the old lady is laid up with a cold in her head, and Johnny is down with the measles," remarked a Galveston gentleman to a defeated candidate. "What in the thunder do I care?" was the reply of the defeated candidate, scowling furiously. "Well," said the gentleman slowly, "before the election you used to take me aside every time you met me and ask me how my family was coming or, as I thought you would like to know. As I was saying, Johnny is all broken out with the measles, and the baby—" "Oh no Halifax!" roared the exasperated ex-candidate, producing a police whistle; all of which goes to show that the defeated candidate is quite as unrepentant as the one who is elected.—*Indianapolis News*.

A little girl, who applied to Queen Victoria for her autograph, received the following: "For of such is the kingdom of heaven. Victoria Regina."

The growth of Atlanta, Ga., continues. At the present time a half million feet worth of buildings are in course of construction, and during the season of 1883, several attractive public buildings have been erected. The tax was \$1,400,000, an increase of over \$2,000,000 over the year 1882. As the population of the whole State is less than 1,000,000 it will be seen that Atlanta has over one-fifth of the entire population of the State of Georgia.

AN ARTIST'S STRUGGLES.

Most of our readers have heard of, and many may have seen, Banvard's great "Panorama of the Mississippi." It is said that the author of this immense work conceived its idea and determined on its execution when he was a mere boy, during a trip across the Mississippi in a row-boat at sunset. The story of his after-life is a record of singular persistence and success in carrying out a boyish dream.

When his father died, John Banvard was left a poor, friendless lad, and obtained employment with a druggist. But, so fond was he of sketching the likenesses of those about him on the walls with chalk or coal, that his master told him he made better likenesses than pills, so poor John lost his situation.

He then tried other plans, and met with many disappointments. Finally he obtained enough money to begin his great work. He bought a small skiff, and set off alone on his perilous adventure.

He traveled thousands of miles, crossing the Mississippi backwards and forwards to secure the best points for making his sketches. All day long he went on sketching, and when the sun was about to set, he either shot wild fowl on the river, or, leaning the little boat ashore, went into the woods, with his rifle, to shoot game.

After cooking and eating his supper, he turned his boat over on the ground, and crept under it, rolling himself up in a blanket to sleep, for the night, safe from the falling dews and prowling animals.

Sometimes for weeks together he never spoke to a human being. In this manner he went on sketching for more than 400 days before the necessary drawings were finished, and then he set to work in good earnest to paint the picture.

He had only made sketches in his wanderings. After these were completed there were colors and canvas to be bought, and a large wooden building to be erected, for he determined to paint them on one piece of canvas, and thus make a panorama.

When it was finished it covered three miles of canvas, and represented a range of scenery 3,000 miles in extent, and that all this magnificent work was executed by a poor, fatherless, moneyless lad ought to make us ashamed of giving up any undertaking worth pursuing, merely because it would cost us some trouble.

TALK OVER WHAT YOU READ.

Nearly forty years' experience as a teacher has shown me how little I truly know of a subject until I begin to explain it or teach it. Let any young person try the experiment of giving in conversation, briefly and concisely, and in the simplest language, the chief points of any book or article he has read, and he will at once see what I mean. The gaps that are likely to appear in the knowledge that he felt was his own will no doubt be very surprising. I know of no training superior to this in utilizing one's reading, in strengthening the memory, and in forming habits of clear, connected statement. It will doubtless teach other things than those I have mentioned, which the persons who honestly make the experiment will find out for themselves. Children who read can be encouraged to give, in a family way, the interesting parts of the books they have read, with great advantage to all concerned. More than one youth I know has laid the foundation of brilliant tastes in a New England family, where hearty encouragement was given to children and adults in their attempts to sketch the lectures they had heard the evening previous. The same thing was done with books.—*Christian Union*.

FURTHER TRACKS.

AFTER DYING.

I am dying, Egypt, dying—
Once my hair was raven black—
Dark as the shadows falling
On the sunset's fading track
Dark as the dusty plumes of
The palm-trees' towering shade;
Dark as the fragrant incense
Of an Abyssinian maid.
I am dying, Egypt, dying—
Ebb'd the golden fluid fast;
I've only got one bottle left—
Ah, how long will that one last?
My soul is full of doubting,
And I smile a sickly smile;
But my hair is like the glory
Of the noon sun on the Nile.

RUSSIAN MONEY.

It is said that a blind man might tell the different denominations of Russian notes by using his nose to determine their value; the rule being, the lower the value the "louder" the smell. A hundred-rouble note will be replete of pafeloni, jockey-club, or some equally fashionable perfume; while the single-rouble note usually reeks of tallow or coarse tobacco.

Woman with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

CHANGE OF SCENE.

We all need change, no matter how "contented" our dispositions may be. A perpetual round of duties has a depressing effect both on the body and mind. It wears us day by day to see the same faces, view the same things, hear the same voices, smell the same odors, listen to the same platitudes. After long experience at home we know exactly how the tea will taste, how the siren of beef is likely to be served up, and what probability there is of the mutton being tough, or the steak underdone. We know, too, exactly what wife will say when we come home, and the exact tone in which she will say it. When people live together day after day, month after month, and year after year, they find it difficult to find subjects for profitable conversation. They are talked out. It is probably owing to the barrenness of subjects that the wife enlarges on domestic themes, and wears the husband with a recital of her small perplexities. This monotony can best be combated by change of air; for with this comes variation of scene; with that arrives change of thought, and with that, again, start up new trains of ideas and expansion of mind. To go for change of air is, or ought to be, an expedition in quest of information, and a search for something new. From one returns with a fresh fund of anecdotes, a new collection of stories, a fuller repertoire of experiences, and an additional store of illustrations, which, for months to come, serve to brighten the dull realities of life. It is obvious that if the main object of change of air is to get over the results of monotony, *patet families* should not always travel with his wife and family. A brief separation will teach them to value each other more highly than ever when reunited.

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN ON THE GLOBE.

Nobody's reputation and honor are safe in this cynical age. For the last ten years Mount Everest, in Nepal, has been considered the highest mountain in the world, reaching the respectable height of 29,002 feet. Dhawalagiri and Kuchinjung, in the same range, with about 28,000 feet each, shared this honor between them until Maj. Everest, of the Bengal Engineers, discovered their big brother. Before they were measured Humboldt thought some points in the South American Andes reached the highest altitude on our globe. And now comes Capt. J. A. Lawson, who has discovered in the little-known island of New Guinea a peak that beats them all, which he has appropriately called Mount Hercules, and fixed its elevation at 32,785 feet above the level of the sea.—*New York Herald*.

We record the fact, on the authority of the *Journal of the Telegraph*, that there are now in working condition 97,568 nautical miles of submarine telegraphic cables. During the past year 11,083 miles were added. The *Engineering* remarks that the cables still required to complete the telegraphic system of the world are: One across the Pacific, two between the United States and Rio and Valparaiso respectively, and certain minor cables to connect Cayenne, Colombia, New Caledonia, the Philippine Islands and Chinese stations with the world's telegraphic system.

A young man in Georgia has taught the public a lesson in respect to the danger of hasty generalization. When Tanner triumphantly fasted for forty days the conclusion was jumped to that the limit of life under privation has been very much understated. Acting upon this assumption, the Georgian man, Thak Jackson by name, refused food, expecting, no doubt, he would live forty days, at least. But alas! for the force of Tanner's example. He died on the seventeenth day.

A man in Warren county, Ky., drives an ox team that is so well acquainted with his habits that, when passing a saloon, the animals will not move until he goes in to take a drink.

Belling Bad Boys.

The Board of Commissioners of Austin, Texas, have certainly made the wisest law we ever heard of. Young boys these were on the streets until very late hours, into all kinds of mischief, and even at entertainments, where people are supposed to behave, they crowded the back seats, and yelled, stamped and screamed until people around them were nearly deaf. As parents either could not or would not keep their boys at home, a town ordinance was passed forbidding any boy to be on the street after eight o'clock. At that hour the curfew bell gives eight taps from the Eagle Engine Company No. 3, and every boy has to go to his home or be arrested. The boys were very indignant at the law, but had to obey, as there was a full police force on hand to enforce the law. It would be a wise plan if a town not a thousand miles from here would enforce the same law. The parents of Bardstow should petition the trustees to pass a similar law.—[Record.

A SENSITIVE TAIL.

A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* tells of a terrier, fat, sleek and very quiet, but the surface of whose brain had been removed: When I approached him he took no notice of me, but when the assistant caught him by the tail he instantly became the embodiment of fury. He had not sufficient perceptive power to recognize the point of assault, so that his keeper, standing behind him, was not in danger. With flashing eyes and hair all erect the dog howled and barked furiously, incessantly snapping and biting, first on this side and then on that, tearing with his fore legs and in every way manifesting rage. When his tail was dropped by the attendant and his head touched the storm at once subsided, the fury was turned into calm, and the animal, a few seconds before so angry, was purring like a cat and stretching out its head for caresses. A French soldier, wounded in the head during the Franco-German war, was in a similar condition to that of the dog. When his comrades were called to the dinner-table he followed, sat down with them, and, the food being placed upon his plate and a knife and fork in his hands, would commence to eat. Put a roasted steak resembling a gun into his hand and at once the man was seized with a rage. The fury of conflict was on him; with a loud yell he would recommence the skirmish in which he had been wounded, and, crying to his comrades, would make a rush at the supposed assailant. Take the stick out of his hand and give him a knife and fork, and, whether at the table or elsewhere, he would make the motions of eating; and him a spade and he would begin to dig.

A PRUDENT YANKEE CONSTABLE.

Mr. Elijah Hitchcock was a Connecticut constable, whose character was under scrutiny. Deacon Solomon Rising was inquired of about him.

"Deacon Solomon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is an honest man?"

"Very promptly," "Oh, no, sir! Not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regard to that," said the Deacon, a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he is a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keeful—a prudent man."

"What do you mean by a prudent man?"

"Well, I mean this: that one time he had an execution for \$4 against the old Widow Witter, back here, and he went up to her house and levied on a flock of hucks. He chased them ducks, one at a time, round the house poaty nunch all day; and every time he caught a duck he'd set right down and ring his neck and charge mileage; and his mileage amounted to more than the debt. Nothing mean about it, as I know of, but I always thought that after that Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

"SIT" AND "NET."

Many of the agricultural journals are sorely troubled to know whether a hen sits or sets. If some editor of dignity would set a hen on the nest, and the editors would let her sit, it would be well for the world. Now a man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the old hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow. A man cannot set on the wash-bench; but he can set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on a dog's tail if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the afore-said tail or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog nor the grammarians.—*Christian World*.

An octuplex telegraph instrument has been invented, by which eight messages can be sent over one wire in opposite directions at the same time. Now, if only a railroad dispatcher could devise a plan for sending trains in a similar manner over the same track, it would be a good thing for an Indianapolis road which could be named.—[*Indianapolis Journal*.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warmed to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancer, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. A positive cure for Piles. 25c per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Well Rewarded.

A liberal reward will be paid to any party who will produce a case of Liver, Kidney or Stomach complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure. Bring them along; if it will cure you nothing will be rewarded for your trouble. All Blood diseases, Rheumatism, Jaundice, Constipation and general debility are quickly cured. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price only 50 cents per bottle. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

ANOTHER VICTORY!

—FOR THE—

THE CHAMPION SULKY PLOW.

The Furst & Bradley Weighed in the Balances and Found Wanting!

The Cassidy also Plowed Under!

Read What a Practical Lincoln Co. Farmer Says about it:

MILLWOOD FARM, Mar. 18, 1884.

In a trial on my farm to-day between the Furst & Bradley, Cassidy and Champion Sulky Plows, I made the choice of the CHAMPION, for the reasons that it is easier handled, better constructed, cuts a cleaner, deeper and wider furrow and turns the soil better.

BEN. SPALDING.

GEO. D. WEAREN, Agt., Stanford.

H. C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Spring and Summer, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley

W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Case Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Older Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salemen { W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

B. K. WEAREN,

—AND—

Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

WALL PAPER,

TRIMMED & READY TO PUT ON,

—AT—

McROBERTS & STAGG'S

Druggists and Booksellers,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, STANFORD.

Penny & McAllister

PHARMACISTS

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded & so

[JEWELERS!]

—THE—

Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted

PUTTING ON AIRS.

BY H. D. W.

The peacock is a majestic bird. Whether we contemplate the grandeur of his plumage, the proud way in which he carries his head, or the stately style of his footsteps, there is much in his general walk and conversation that compels attention. When he lifts up his voice in a shrill scream whose notes resound as far as the ear can reach, we are attracted, even if we do not admire. He struts about with an air of importance, as if he owned the whole neighborhood and could impart information as to the value of every piece of real estate therein. From his personal appearance he might be supposed to be both wealthy and talented, for his feathers are gilded and his dainty demeanor betokens a certain kind of culture. If he was only shrewd enough to hold his tongue, people might not discover what an empty-headed creature he is. His speech betrays him. He tells his story with such meek dignity as to expose the shallowness of his pretensions. And yet he is happy because he is not conscious of the fact that he is as easily seen through as it needs of green glass instead of being clad in those gorgeous green feathers. To go on dress parade this bird has no skill. It is in the performance of solid duty that he is found lacking. For regular usefulness the ordinary barn-yard hen is his superior. While he lives the peacock is of no particular use. When slain there is but little of him, and that little makes not a very savory meal. The common duck, who waddles through the mire and quacks as he waddles, is, whether alive or dead, a far more desirable bird than the peacock in all his pomp and pride.

We must not blame the poor peacock for his apparent vanity and aimlessness, for circumstances beyond his control have made these traits a part of his being. For him to strut is as natural as for the duck to waddle. He comes as humbly by that high-toned scream as the snail by his tinny song. The gay feathers grow in his tail by the same degree of Providence that provided bristles for the pig's back and wool for that of the sheep. If the bird does his best it is not for us to find fault with him. But if human beings, of whom better things might be expected, find no higher aim than to ape the bird of brilliant plumage and stately march, they may justly be made to serve as targets for the arrows of the critic. There are some human beings who are born with golden spoons in their mouths, and for whom there is no special mission in the world except to count their spoons and strut on dress parade. Happily these people are few; so few, indeed, that the world cannot afford to feed them in pay for the sport and the instruction they afford. The sport is mingled with instruction, for, as the world amuses itself by looking at these people and watching their antics, it learns a lesson, namely, to be as humble as the peacock, to be as humble as the peacock, to be as humble as the peacock.

One of the saddest sights is a peacock caught in a storm. A common barn-yard fowl looks sorry enough as he stands on one leg in the rain, with dripping feathers, closely adhering to his stalwart form. But such a wet fowl is beauty itself compared with the forlorn appearance of the draggled and disconsolate peacock when soaked with rain and stuck up with mud. His proud head droops, his tail trails in the mire, and each step seems a misfortune. Thus it is with the Irish person from under whom the stiles of pomposity are knocked, and who having for some time been appraised at his own estimate, suddenly finds himself marked down to what the world considers his actual cash value. The world makes some mistakes, but it has a fashion of marking values of this sort with a reasonable degree of accuracy.

There are three colored reporters on the staff of the Philadelphia Times. One of them, recently discharged from the police force, dresses well, wears kid gloves and carries a cane. More than a hundred newspapers in this country are edited and published by colored men. George W. Williams (formerly pastor of a colored church in Cincinnati) is one of the editors of the Boston Transcript. A colored man is reporter for an evening newspaper in Providence. Five are employed on the New York Globe. The editor of the Globe says colored men take to newspaper work as readily as ducks to water, and that the inspiration of a majority of them is the hope of reaching political office.

—Owing to the frequency of petitions for rehearing the Court of Appeals has adopted this rule: Petitions for rehearing must clearly show from the record that some question duly submitted by the counsel and decided by the court has been overlooked by the court, or that the decision is in conflict with a statute or with a controlling decision to which the attention of the court was not drawn through neglect or inadvertence of counsel. Any petition violating of this rule will not be permitted to be filed, and, if filed, will be stricken from the record.

PLEASANTRIES.

What would make a good fishing-rod? We should think bass wood.

How time changes! In the good Old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet.

SCENE at Harvard. Chinese class. Student (who has just failed in a Chinese sentence, to Professor)—"Then ten-chest!" Professor (furious)—"What you dare to!" Student (calmly proceeds)—"Then ten-chest a most difficult language!" (Heed fire, curtain.)

"Do you want to kill the child?" exclaimed a gentleman, as he saw a boy tip the baby out of its carriage on the walk. "No, not quite," replied the boy; "but if I can get him to hawl land enough, mother will take care of him while I go and wade in the ditch with Johnny Brazer."

"How does the Empress Eugenie dress?" inquired an inquisitive female of a bachelor friend just returned from Paris. "Like a woman," was the brusque reply. "Of course," continues the inquirer, "but I wish to know if she wears costly dresses." "I understand you, madam," was the ingenuitous response, "she dresses like a woman—wearing the most costly garments she can procure."

A GENTLEMAN traveling in a railway carriage was endeavoring, with considerable earnestness, to impress some argument upon a fellow-passenger who was seated opposite to him, and who appeared rather dull of apprehension. At length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed, in a louder tone, "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C." "That may be," quietly replied the other, "but I am D E F."

THE natives of the Orinoco islands are said to enjoy good health and to live long. For these blessings they are indebted entirely to the bracing climate and their own healthy out-door occupations. A young woman from one of these islands was asked recently whether her people were generally long lived. With unconscious naïveté she replied, "Yes, they live to a great age; there's no doctor on the island."

A FORTY-year-old lady was speaking to a friend who had called upon her regarding a trait characteristic of her mother, who always had a good word to say to every one. "Why," she said, "if Satan were under discussion mother would have a good word to say for him." Just then the mother entered and was informed what the daughter had said, whereupon she quietly replied: "Well, my dear, I think we might all imitate Satan's perseverance."

A DARTY came to a Galveston Justice at the Peace and asked for a warrant for the arrest of Tim Webster. "What's he done?" "He stole my chickens; he's a de tiddler in his yard." "How do you know those feathers belonged to your chickens?" "I kin prove it by Col. Jones, but I don't like to have him bring into court, cause he is so modest like." "What's the matter with Col. Jones?" "Nothing, but, to tell the truth, ever since I stole his chickens I loses all confidence in de man as soon as he looks me square in de face."

A POWDER was recently found on Mount Washington, showing that the mountain was completely submerged during the glacial period, contrary to the opinion of half the entertained. The boulder corresponds to the character of the rock on Cherry mountain, ten miles northwest, and 3,000 feet below the summit of Mount Washington. It was taken down the mountain, and placed in the Natural History museum in Boston.

At a recent anniversary of the "bottle of North Point," near Fort Mifflin, the thirteen survivors present on the procession. Their ages varied from 81 to 95, and the oldest captain, who was the only one who had been in the battle, was 95 years old. The oldest captain, who was the only one who had been in the battle, was 95 years old.

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.

A knight of the olden time in full armor was probably as safe from the effects of a thunder-storm as if he had a lightning-rod continually beside him; and one of the Roman Emperors devised a perfectly secure retreat in a thunder-storm in the form of a subterranean vault of iron. He was probably led to this by thinking of a mode of keeping out missiles, having no notion that a thin shell of soft copper would have been quite as effective as massive iron. But those Emperors who, as Suetonius tells us, wore laurel crowns or seal-skin robes, or descended into underground caves or cellars on the appearance of a thunder-storm, were not protected at all. Even in France, where special attention is paid to the protection of buildings from lightning, dangerous accidents have occurred where all proper precautions seemed to have been taken. But on more careful examination it was usually found that some one essential element was wanting. The most common danger seems to lie in fancying that a lightning-rod is necessarily properly connected with the earth if it dips into a mass of water. Far from it. A well-constructed reservoir full of water is not a good "earth" for a lightning rod. The better the stone-work and cement the less are they fitted for this special purpose, and great mischief has been done by forgetting this.—Nature.

LOCUST LEAVES.

How sad is the memory of those whom we remember only by some unkind word or act. We have just been thinking of one we used to know when we were but a little child; he was our teacher, and with a death-like dread we saw him move or heard him speak. We are not so much afraid now of anything here or hereafter as we once were of him.

We met another one this evening who once attended his school. He is a sun-browned laboring man now; he was a slender, delicate boy of twelve years then, gangling and ungainly, with a melancholy look and tone. We looked at him and thought of our teacher, and of one afternoon at school, and of the unkind remark that fastened it all in our memory. The class had read, from one of the old readers, that interesting story of the lost child; there sat the teacher before them and asked, of the one above named, the subject of the lesson. After some hesitation, the boy replied he could not tell. "Well," said the teacher, "if you were to wander away from home so that you could not be found, what would you be called?"

The name of the lesson was remembered now, and, as if some happy thought or new inspiration had beamed upon him, the boy exultingly exclaimed, "The Lost Child!" "Ha! How! How!" he heartily laughed the teacher, and then said: "Well, sir, I should call you a lost locust!" The indescribably hateful tone and manner in which these words were spoken rendered them peculiarly effective. It was years ago, but we shall never forget the sad, insulted look that settled on the face of that youth. He was lonely, sickly, always shrinking and quiet, and very sensitive, and that bit of ridicule not only crushed him, but silenced the whole class. And this evening when he said: "Someway, I don't know why, but I never liked Mr. Johnson," we thought we knew why. Mrs. J. V. H. KOONS.

A MOUSE THAT DRANK WHISKY.

A mouse intruded himself into a lady's chamber, and found upon her toilet-table a small vial of whisky, which, it is but fair to say, the lady used for the benefit of her crimps. The vial was stoppered with a paper cork, which, of course, was saturated with whisky. The mouse nibbled off the top of the cork, and finally succeeded in drawing it, and then regaled itself with what the paper had absorbed. Under the stimulus thus secured, it had made its presence in the room very evident, and a careful search for it was promptly instituted. It was soon discovered in the drawer of a bureau, stretched out at full length on a comfortable bed, dead drunk. When it was removed and thrown upon the ground, the shock restored it to partial consciousness and to a staggering effort at locomotion. Moral: It is not safe even to smell the cork of a whisky bottle.

There was not much doubt in the minds of the mob at Clinton, Dak., that Ben Day ought to be hung. He had committed the capital crime of stealing a horse, but he urged persistently that he had only meant to borrow the beast, and finally said: "If I was guilty I'd want to be hanged; and, anyhow, 'taint worth while to make much fuss about it. Just toss up a dime, and, if it goes again me, then I won't say a word; but if I win you're to let me go." The proposition was accepted, and Day was hanged.

THE HERO AND THE DOG.

A dozen men were watering their throats in a Detroit saloon when two strangers entered, and one of them raised his voice and cried out:

"Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Capt. Green, of Chicago, the hero who was locked up in a room with a dog for two long hours, armed only with a piece of lath."

Several persons at once stepped forward and shook hands, and invited Capt. Green to drink. He had imbibed three glasses of beer and got two cigars in his pocket, when one of the men queried:

"You must have felt pretty scary?"

"Yes."

"Was the dog mad?"

"I don't think he was."

"And you kept him off with the lath?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't want any of that lath in, were you?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't have got out if the dog had been too much for you?"

"No."

"Well, you were a hero, and that's a fact. What breed of a dog was it?"

"I think they called it a poodle," quietly replied the hero, as he slid for the door.

The crowd slid after him, but the first man out doors always has the best show to use his legs.

Spoken yourself, brother, but don't spread yourself too thin. Too many flats in the world already.

The Prairie Farmer truly remarks that a little forethought on a farm is a good thing. It saves time, money, and much of the vexation that is liable to come without it. Like the watchman on a ship, a good farmer must be always looking ahead. He must be quick in his judgment of what should be done at the present time, and he should have a good perception to show him the best thing to do in the future.

JAMES B. MCCREARY

Is a Candidate for Congress in the Eighth District, subject to the will of the Democracy.

WANTED!

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER
To build a tobacco barn 60x100 feet. Apply to or address
A. F. LAS DE HALLA,
232-14
Stanford, Ky.

POSTED!

This notice forbids hunters, fishermen and trappers not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such acts are liable to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
Stanford, Ky., March 17th, 1884. [Signed:]
H. McKeltrick, J. W. McCormack,
B. T. Bush, W. C. Carpenter,
E. Field, C. Bishop,
Higgins Kelly, Levi Hubble,
B. G. A. J. F. Gover, W. C. McCormack,
G. L. Carter, M. B. Lytle,
T. J. Hill, J. W. Weatherford,
C. Vandy, Wm. Burton,
J. A. Harris, J. S. Murphy,
J. W. Carter, J. M. Hill,
Ed. Carter, J. H. McAlister,
T. J. Foster, J. H. Jones,
T. M. White, J. Q. Montgomery,
(232-17) H. E. Matson.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

National Bank of Hustonville.

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business Mar. 7, 1884.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$67,902 98
Overdrafts	1,791 22
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	3,202 54
Due from other National Banks	1,840 25
Real Estate, Furniture and fixtures	1,471 34
Current expenses and taxes paid	31 15
Premiums paid	1,001 25
Checks and other cash items	53 45
Bills of other banks	1,767 00
Specie	2,187 15
Legal-tender notes	3,890 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,125 00
Total	\$112,310 31

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$50,000 00
Surplus fund	2,342 70
Undivided profits	1,161 10
National Bank notes outstanding	22,500 00
Individual deposits subject to check	34,480 83
Due to other National Banks	1,777 21
Total	\$112,310 31

STATE OF KENTUCKY, } ss.
County of Lincoln,

I, J. W. Harker, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. W. HARKER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of March, 1884.
G. F. FLECK, C. P.

Correct Attest:
[S. D. CARPENTER, }
EDWARD ALCOCK, } Directors.
T. J. HARRISON, }

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

The Farmers National Bank

AT STANFORD.

In the State of Kentucky, at the Close of Business, Mar. 7, 1884.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$124,575 26
Overdrafts	4,438 87
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	30,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	25,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	20,503 51
Due from other National Banks	5,654 07
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	6,300 00
Bills of other banks	750 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	9 30
Specie	2,000 00
Legal tender notes	6,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,276 00
Total	\$457,886 90

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$200,000 00
Surplus Fund	60,620 82
Undivided profits	4,267 69
National Bank Notes outstanding	45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	141,271 54
Due other National Banks	1,874 00
Due to State Banks and Bankers	2,269 85
Total	\$457,886 90

STATE OF KENTUCKY, } ss.
County of Lincoln,

I, Jno. B. Owsley, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
JNO. B. OWSLEY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of Mar., 1884.
W. M. BRIGHT, S. P. L. C.

Correct Attest:
S. H. SHANKS, }
J. W. ALCOCK, } Directors.
R. OWSLEY, }

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF STANFORD.

At Stanford, in the State of Kentucky, at Close of Business, Mar. 7, 1884.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$201,168 08
Overdrafts	4,618 74
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	200,000 00
Merchandise	14,436 26
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	23,100 00
Due from approved reserve agents	2,628 14
Due from other National Banks	6,993 44
Due from State Banks and Bankers	1 00
Real Estate, furniture and fixtures	8,857 56
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,120 35
Premiums paid	21,789 40
Checks and other cash items	3,217 87
Bills of other banks	4,120 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	45 94
Specie	3,367 21
Legal tender notes	8,100 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	9,000 00
Total	\$615,301 07

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	\$250,000 00
Surplus Fund	4,000 00
Undivided profits	3,982 89
Individual deposits subject to check	167,688 71
Due to other National Banks	7,128 58
Due to State Banks and Bankers	801 44
Total	\$615,301 07

STATE OF KENTUCKY, } ss.
County of Lincoln,

I, Jno. J. McRoberts, Cashier of above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
JNO. J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of Mar., 1884.
W. M. BRIGHT, S. P. L. C.

Correct Attest:
J. S. HARKER, }
D. W. VANDERVEER, } Directors.
H. C. BRIGHT, }

BRIGHT & CURRAN,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

GROCERS!!

—AND DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE.

Farming Implants, Buggies, Wagons,

—INCLUDING THE—

Mitchell, Orchard City and Winchester Wagons, McFarland and U. S. Buggies and Carriages.

—SOLE AGENTS FOR—

South-Bend and Hamilton Plows, Sole Agents for Furst & Bradley's Sulky and Turning Plows,

Riding and Walking Cultivators, Sole Agents for Evans Corn Planter and Thomas Harrow;

Also Agents for Walter A. Wood Harvesting Machines;

ALL AT BED ROCK PRICES.

T. R. WALTON,

GROCER, E

COR. MAIN & SOMERSET STS.,

STANFORD, - KENTUCKY.

BY ORDER OF THE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

I will begin to sell

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 84!

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, &C.,

DAMAGED BY WATER AT THE LATE FIRE!

At appraisers' value, which means

GOODS AT 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Don't let this chance slip, and call early to avoid the rush. In order to give all a fair chance, no goods will be sold by the bolt or in a lump.

D. K L A S S,

Stanford, Ky., March 20, 1884.

Opposite Myers House.

Special Cars for Train Cranks.

"All passenger trains should have one cattle car and compel every man who chews tobacco to ride in it."

"And they should also haul one flat car," said the cross passenger, "for the fresh air woman who always insists on keeping the car window open. She should sit on a slab seat on an open grated car and breathe ashes and cinders to her soul's content."

"And a dark and lonely box car," said the tall, thin passenger, "for the man who whistles. The whistlers could all get together in there and sit and drum on the on the sides of the car with their fingers and whistle all the tunes they didn't know and the rest of the train would be happy."

"And a Kalamazoo velocipede," said the fat passenger, "for the man who drums on the floor with his feet every time the train stops." Here the man on the wood-box suddenly ceased pounding his favorite overture with his heels.

"By the time he had worked his knees on express time forty-five miles," continued the fat passenger, without appearing to notice anything, "he might be able to give his feet a vacation of two or three hours."

"And occasionally," the man on the wood box said, leaning forward to gaze intently into the stove, "they might put on Barnum's Jumbo car for the man who always has to ride over the trucks for fear of springing the car."

There was an embarrassing silence of a minute or two, when the fat passenger said something about the refrigerator cars for the man who was too fresh to keep in a day coach and then everybody began to fear the conversation was taking on a congressional aspect and so the committee rose and shortly after adjourned.—(Robt. J. Burdette.)

While Mr. Townsend was in Washington he hit upon the signature "Gath," which has become so widely known. He has given me the following account of the manner in which he developed the name:

"Applications for my letters came pouring in from all sides. I was writing for the *Cleveland Leader* over my initials, for the *Cincinnati Commercial* over the name Swede and for the *St. Louis Democrat* over the name Finn and was using my initials besides in the *New York Tribune* and in a Philadelphia paper. Suddenly the *Chicago Tribune* applied, too; I put down G. A. T. and then balanced my pen and said: 'I am tired of writing that,' so I tried to make some monogram of it and the only consonant that would make a syllable with it was H, which I added. 'Hello,' said I, 'that is a Philistine city. Hello, again,' 'It is written in the scriptures, 'Tell it not in Gath.' (That Goliath has fallen) So I wrote Gath below the letter. Soon after that Mr. Horace White bought my whole correspondence up at a salary and Gath became my only known signature for years; so that I found last winter, when I went lecturing, that I had written my own name out of existence, like a married woman and was merely Mr. Gath.

"Post-offices, race-horses and cigars have been named 'Gath,' and my wife wanted me to call my last boy by the same name, but I presented him with my original name to him and he now says his name is Geo. Alfred Townsend, Jr."—(Cor. Marietta Leader.)

The Mother of Forty-Four Children.

If the great Napoleon's famous definition of superlative female excellence may be accepted as correct, Dr. Mary Austin is unquestionably the most admirable woman in France. This lady completed her 53d year of wedded life, during which period she has presented her husband with no fewer than forty-four pledges of her wife's affection. In the spring of 1853, four years after her marriage, May Austin, nee Klind, passed her final examination at the Medical College of Orleans and obtained diploma authorizing her to practice in both branches of her profession. As soon as the Franco-Prussian war broke out she joined the army with her husband and the prolific pair served with extraordinary distinction throughout the struggle—Dr. Austin in her surgical capacity and Col. Austin as an active militiaman. The former, while attending to the hurts of her comrades under fire, was thrice wounded in action—the latter five times. At the conclusion of the war the valiant doctor, having lost her eye in the service of her country, but in other respects more the worse for her injuries and fatigues, returned to her private practice covered with glory and in the enjoyment of a staff officer's pension. Since then she has lived in peace and honor, the pride of her fellow citizens and indefatigable in her endeavors to render her warrior lord the happiest of fathers.—(Boston Transcript.)

SPRING PLOWING.—While it is, undoubtedly, desirable to get the land plowed as early as possible, to prevent the work from crowding during the season, it must be borne in mind that nothing is gained, but much lost by plowing the ground while it is too wet. If land is plowed while it is saturated with moisture, it will cake or bake and especially so if the land is clayey or heavy and no amount of after work or cultivation during the season will get it into good condition. We have made such mistakes ourselves and no doubt others have and will do so again in the desire to be forehanded with their work. Any land which is inclined to bake should never be disturbed with the plow, in the spring, until it can be put in first class order with plow and harrow. Not only will all the work during the season be more laborious on a piece plowed while too wet, but the crop will not be as fine or profitable as on a piece plowed when just in the right condition.

A LETTER OF ANDREW JACKSON.—The Little Rock Gazette prints the following as a veritable letter of Andrew Jackson. It certainly has a characteristic flavor:

"I was glad to hear from you, and to know that the Lord, in His divine mercy, had thus far spared you. May He ever bless us and damn our enemies. We must all lean on the cross for support, for mine is weak. Did you ever see such a d-d scoundrel as John Q. Adams? I am pleased to hear that you have professed religion and joined the church. This more effectually elevates you above the d-d Whigs."

A San Francisco woman begged hard to be allowed to marry a man who was to be hanged next day. The Sheriff was a tender-hearted man and refused her request. He said hanging was as severe a punishment as the wretch deserved; and one "roping in" was enough.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

Who can look at a little child and not feel the divine love and innocence reflected in its dear little face? And yet I see all around me mothers who, when they have clothed and fed their children, turn them into the streets to play, not knowing, not caring what company they keep, and think to themselves, "Now I have done my duty, and they are all right for an hour or two at least." Surely this does not comprise mother's duty? Poor little lambs! I feel, when I see one of these neglected ones, that I must clasp him to my heart and take him home with me, that the poor child may know the life my boy leads and grows strong in.

Oh, mothers, love the little ones! Teach them that mother is their friend; that mother sees and understands their trials and troubles; make them feel that you sympathize with them, and that you never are too busy to speak a comforting word. Make home lovely and attractive; tell them stories, sing them songs; have games for the long winter evenings; and they will love their home and parents. My boy, now 9 years old, still, when tired of all else, creep into my arms, and, laying his head on my breast, say:

"I know I'm heavy, mamma, but sing to me a little while."

God bless him! I am only too glad to feel that he has not outgrown all love for mother's songs and mother's arms; so I sing him song after song, wondering the while how any mother can resist the love and affection that a little child gives when taught to look to mother for comfort.

A child brought up in a loving and refined manner cannot fail to reflect credit upon its parents; and from the heart of me who is made happy in his childhood the picture of home and mother never fades; and in after years, when assailed by the cares of mature manhood, he will look back and say, "God bless my mother!"

A Florida correspondent suggests that the Government supply telegraph, railroad, and steamboat companies with flags and lanterns suitable to indicate by day or night the different features of the weather bulletins, and require their display accordingly as the reports are telegraphed over the country. We hardly see on what ground the Government could insist on the signals being so displayed, although it supplies the daily reports to all who care to take them. One of the trunk railroads has, however, shown the enterprise to adopt a system somewhat such as suggested, greatly to the satisfaction of the country people along its line.

"Who killed the President?" demanded Mr. Milliken, of Maine, in an excited manner, in the House Saturday. "A man who boasted at the time that he was a Stalwart Republican," replied Mr. Townsend. Much excitement followed and was increased when Mr. Reed, of Maine, took the floor and lectured Mr. Townsend in the severest terms for the course he was pursuing.

KILLING A SHARK.

We were on our way from Vera Cruz to Europe, and all interest was centered in a man whom we had seen a day or two before in the Mexican port. It was Manuel, the shark-killer. For a doubtless tall, muscular enemy of the fierce fish offered to display his skill. We soon made up the amount, and the next day he came out to our steamer in a light rig.

"At your service, sir," was his salute. He pointed at several large sharks that were hovering near the vessel to snap at anything that fell from it. He went down into the bark in which he had come off, and, throwing off his sarape, grasped an enormous cutlass, and took a keen knife between his teeth. Then, going to the bow, he plunged boldly in, describing a long, graceful curve as he cut through the clear waters of the gulf.

When he came to the surface he struck out for the vessel, followed by the sharks, which, however, did not approach him very closely. After a time he turned on his back, and was as motionless as a log. Then we saw six sharks rush toward him; but when the leader got within a few yards it halted, as if uncertain. It did not seem to like the looks of the floating log, till, evidently smelling its prey, it turned over, and rushing at Manuel, tried to seize him by the waist. The Mexican was ready. He dived, passed under the brute, and, turning back, struck at him with his knife. Whether the aim was bad, or the blade slipped, the shark, maddened, turned over again and swam rapidly off.

The second shark was only a few feet off. Without losing a minute, Manuel plunged down again, and, coming up under the shark, laid it open with a vigorous blow. The shark rose to the surface, pouring out a red tide of blood, and was soon floating lifeless past the side of the vessel.

Cheers and hurrahs greeted Manuel as he climbed back into his craft, having won his prize. We soon had him on board amid a lively party.

One of the sailors took the whole affair in dudgeon, and said he could do as much. The Captain gave him leave to make the trial. As soon as sharks were again seen he descended the ladder. The cook threw over a spoiled cod-fish, and a huge shark darted at it. Then the sailor plunged in. As he rose to the surface, knife in hand, ready to strike, he was seized with cramps, to which he was subject. His knife dropped from his hand, and in an instant three sharks were upon him and all was over.

"So much for trying a trade before you learn it," said Manuel.

It was the sailor's funeral oration.

"Madame, you've destroyed five dollars' worth of merchandise," angrily remarked a dandy to a lady, as she seated herself in a chair in which he had deposited a new Derby hat. "Serve you right," she replied, slowly rising from the ruin, "you had no business to buy a \$5 hat for a 50-cent head."

ANCIENT DENTISTRY.

Sir Gardiner Wilkinson affirms that teeth stopped with gold have been found in Egyptian mummies, and other learned gentlemen hold vigorously that the thing is an impossibility. Dr. John Gaiger, in the *British Medical Journal*, says that in the Etruscan Museum of Corneto, the ancient Tarquinia of Etruria, and a few hours' distance from Rome, he has seen teeth in a skull bound together by threads of gold cleverly twisted in and out among them, and that he has seen the same thing in mummies in the Vatican and elsewhere. From these facts he presumes that it is quite probable the ancient Egyptians had more or less skillful dentists. His deduction is supported by a gentleman who is positive that he once saw in the Meyer Museum, in Liverpool, the jawbone of a mummy of Egyptian, in which a number of teeth were secured by a golden wire. It is also claimed that the Hindus, 600 years ago, knew something about the art of binding together teeth that were disposed to abandon each other's company. Mr. Briggs, in his "Rise and Fall of the Mohammedan Power in India," describes a battle in which Kootub-ud-Din, the famous General of Mohammed Ghori, who built the Kootub, a tower which rises near Delhi to a height that makes it one of the most beautiful wonders of the world, slew with an arrow a powerful Ragh, whose corpse was afterward identified, according to the writings of Ferishta, by his artificial teeth, which were bound together by wires of gold.

DETAILS OF THE STAGE.

It is wonderful what a great deal may be made of a small part by great attention to small details. All play-goers, even of this generation, will recollect with what grace and ease, and, above all, effect, Charles Matthews used to manipulate his pocket-handkerchief. And in one of his great parts, *Lavater*, it was difficult to decide what most attracted the attention of the audience—the actor or his walking-stick. Mrs. Alfred Mellon (Miss Wadgort), when playing sonnettes, did a wonderful business with her apron, perfectly natural, and yet unconventional. Fechter taking snuff (a very difficult matter to do on the stage) out of his creaking box, in "Robert Macaire," was a "bit" to be noted and remembered. He was also one of the few actors whom a sword simply worn at the side did not make look ridiculous.

These kinds of little details are well worthy the careful notice of aspiring amateurs, and will probably gain them some applause when they least expect it. Above all, let them learn to pronounce slowly and distinctly, and especially to avoid Tom Bulbul's lisp immortalized by Thackeray. "You athk me if I thuffer."—*London Globe*.

DURING the year 1879 the earnings of the railroads in the United States were over \$29,000,000, or nearly double the entire revenue of the national Government.

THE CAREFUL IRISHMAN BREAKS.

No Irishman ever breaks the law without having one eye watching over his shoulder, to be sure his way of escape is open. I remember when I first went over a characteristic story was current. A man was under sentence of death for some bad crime. A gentleman whom he used to live near chanced to know that the man had meant to shoot him. He went to the jail the day before the man was to be hanged, and said to him: "You might as well tell me, Pat, since it can now make no difference to you, why you did not shoot me; for I know you meant to do it?" The gentleman was a capital shot, and always carried arms, and was known to be very resolute. The answer was: "Well, your Honor, it's true it will make no odds to me now; so I'll tell you. I had ye covered twice from behind a ditch, and as I was going to pull the trigger the thought went through my head, 'If ye heavens, if I miss him, it's all up with me.'"—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

As appalling act of cruelty is reported from Pontremoli, Italy. A female lay-servant in the employ of the Carmelite nuns was found stealing some bread belonging to the sisterhood, and was sentenced by a tribunal composed of the Abbess and two nuns "to undergo the torments of purgatory." Having conveyed her to a cell in which was an iron stove heated red hot, they tied her hands tightly together behind her back, held her face down for several minutes close to the surface of the glowing metal until her scorching eyes had lost their sight forever and her whole face was convulsed into one huge blister. So profound was the horror generated throughout the sisterhood that its perpetrators, despite conventual discipline, were denounced by several members of the community to the local authorities, who, after instituting a searching inquiry into the circumstances of the case, have consigned the Abbess and her confederate tormentors to prison, where they are now awaiting their trial.

The Opposition party in Canada as set that the proposition to give the construction of the Canada Pacific railway to a London syndicate is a stupendous job. The cost of the work, as estimated by the Government, is as follows:

Thunder Bay to Selkirk	\$12,000,000
Selkirk to Regina	1,000,000
Selkirk, 200 miles west	2,000,000
Yale to Kamloops	9,000,000

This would give the syndicate works valued at \$24,000,000. Add to this \$100,000 per mile subsidy on 2,000 miles

\$200,000,000
\$24,000,000
\$224,000,000

Total receipts of syndicate \$147,000,000
Sir Hugh Allan estimated in 1872 that the road would cost \$80,000,000; Sir Charles Tupper puts it at \$85,000,000. This would leave the syndicate a margin of \$62,400,000, besides a road costing \$85,000,000. If it is true that New York is claiming the privilege that the London syndicate has obtained, it is no wonder, as most capitalists would be glad to get their fingers into such a vice.